

In the Wee Small Hours

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Summary: Rock, paper, scissors. Eight pounds, nine ounces. Table for one. Tonight, these are a few of his favorite things. Nuclear-grade Killervibe future fluff.

In the Wee Small Hours

(A/N) Dappercat and fabledshadow prompted me on Tumblr with: "things you said at one am."

* * *

><p>When the wail cut through the night, Cisco lifted his face from the pillow. At his side, Caitlin groaned. "What time is it?"<p>

He squinted at the clock. "One on the dot." He rolled over and held out one fist to match hers, which he could just see between the glow of the bedside clock and the faint trickles of moonlight that seeped through the curtains.

They counted off - one, two, three - and he threw paper.

She threw scissors.

"Shit," he mumbled. Fumbling for his glasses, he slid out of bed, yawning and scratching his belly.

She flopped back into her pillows and blew him a kiss. "Love you, honey."

"Don't get too comfortable, she might be hungry."

Rebecca Nieve Ramon was all squirmed up into a C-shape on her giraffe sheets, peering around the room with her hazy brown eyes, letting out intermittent screeches.

He leaned down and scooped her up, murmuring, "Shhshsh, mamis, I'm here - "

She squirmed in his arms and yowled. Her head flopped wildly, her neck still weak, and he spread his hand over the back of her tiny skull.

He switched on the light by the changing table and checked her diaper, which was clean. Maybe she just wanted some cuddling; well, he could do that. He kissed her little belly and buttoned her back up, then hoisted her up against his shoulder, walking in six-step circles around her room, singing tunelessly, "_Chulita mamita Bequita mijita, te quiero, te quiero, te quiero - "

Parental leave was a funny thing. It was like moving to another planet. Everything squeezed down to the three of you. Actually, mostly the one of you, the baby. He and Caitlin had become creatures that existed to make sure this eight pounds, nine ounces of humanity had everything she needed.

People visited, sure. You couldn't keep Barry away from his goddaughter, seriously, and Iris and Joe were personally responsible for half the food in their kitchen. Caitlin's mom had been here for a week. Even Cisco's family were around all the time, the most he'd seen of them in years. His mama had snuggled the baby for two hours yesterday so he and Caitlin could get some much-needed sleep, and his pop had built a mobile to hang over the crib, and Dante wanted to hold her every chance he got and didn't even care that she spit up on him two times out of three. (Cisco had speculated that he should have had a baby years ago if that was what it took for his parents to approve of him, and Caitlin had glared at him until he'd said, "Joking. Joking!")

But still, visitors went away, eventually.

The world of Central City, with metahumans and villains and crime and just, you know, general mayhem, seemed like smoke and mirrors. It floated around the edges of his consciousness, pushed aside by the immediate concerns of dirty diapers and spit up and laundry and feeding and naps and the smell of your baby girl as she flopped like a beanbag against your chest, her head tucked under your chin as you sang, "_besitos, besitos por tu cabezita, mi niñita querida -" -

And she shrieked in your ear.

"Okay," he murmured. "Okay. I get it. Let's go make Mommy feed you, huh? Let's goooooo yeah!"

Probably alerted by the continued yawps, Caitlin had turned on the bedside lamp and was scooting herself up in bed, wincing a little as she settled back against the pillows. She was still tender from the birth.

"Heyyyy," he said. "Table for one?"

She opened her nightgown, tugging it aside to expose one breast, and held out her arms with a sleepy smile. Cisco lifted Rebecca into them. When the baby smelled her mother, her little rosebud mouth

started opening and closing like a goldfish's. Caitlin cuddled her close, whispering nonsense endearments as she latched on.

Cisco climbed into bed next to them and rested his chin on his wife's shoulder, watching with awe as their baby girl gobbled up her midnight snack. Her fat little hands flailed aimlessly, squeezing the air, spreading open like starfish.

So little, this creature. So new. Two weeks ago she'd been folded up inside Caitlin's body, and six months before that she'd been so tiny that her presence wasn't even obvious yet, and three months before that she'd been two separate packages of DNA in two separate bodies, waiting for them to be so buzzed on a post-fight high that they'd forgotten the condom when they'd gotten crazy in the Star Labs janitor's closet.

But she was here now, and she was a whole little person, one who stared wide-eyed at the world when she wasn't napping or eating or yelling. She would get bigger. She would learn to smile; she would start to laugh. She would decide whether she hated broccoli. She would bump her knees. She would make friends. She would throw temper tantrums and she would bat her eyelashes at them. She might develop meta powers like her parents, or she might just be someone who knew all about them. Someone would break her heart. She would break somebody else's heart. She would be happy, she would be sad. She would grow up. She would make more friends. She would figure out whether she liked boys or girls or both or neither. She would make her mark on the world.

But she would always be theirs.

He let out a shaky sigh. Caitlin rolled her head to one side and pressed her cheek to his hair.

"Is this the happiest we'll ever be?" he asked her in a whisper.

"Maybe," she said, dropping a kiss to Rebecca's head. "But actually, you know what?"

"What?"

"I hope not."

FINIS

End
file.